

# Good Morning

S19

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THIS IS THE  
PLACE TO GO—



—IF YOU'RE REALLY  
SHORT OF DOUGH!



WHEN the golden glove is held up by the town-crier at the opening of Honiton Fair it means that any bloke who's in debt can't be arrested there during the day's celebrations.

The ceremony dates back to 1290 A.D., and after the proclamation has been read, the Mayor of Honiton scatters red-hot pennies from the balcony of the King's Arms, and the small boys start a general free-for-all trying to get them first.

So here's a place to remember—the cops can't get you, and you may even make a really honest penny—even if it is "hot money!"

Here's an old Sea-dog!



"Tony" is owned by an Admiral at an East Coast naval base, but his hat was stolen from a Wren. He's taking a liberty, just because he's got a dog licence!

STOKER  
ILLSLEY  
THERE?

Here's news  
from home!

THERE are times when one feels particularly proud to be British.

I have never realised this more than when I visited the home of a British seaman—Stoker William Iillsley, of H.M. Submarine "Tally Ho!"

If ever there was a typically British home it is yours, Bill. Why, even the reason of my visit—to deliver the chocolate you had saved for your kid brother—is proof enough that this is not such a decadent race after all.

The first words your mother said when I rang the bell were, "Oh, you're from Billy. Come in and have a cup of tea." You can guess how I felt. Thanks a lot, Bill, for the chance of meeting a really grand mother and family.

I didn't meet all the family personally, of course, but I saw pictures of them all—brother Ernie, in the Royal Marines, Wally, who was taken prisoner at Dieppe, Eileen and Margaret, your young sisters, who were at work over the way at Boots; your married sister and her husband, and their kiddie, Sheila—what a happy crowd! I hope, when your family armistice reunion comes, you will admit at least one gate-crasher.

John was delighted with the chocolate. When I gave it to him he was playing with some cut-out medals. One day, I told him, his big brothers would be taking the real thing home for him. Don't let me down, will you? He took my word for it.

We looked through so many photographs that I can't recall all of them, but one I won't ever forget was that in which you and Chaplain Bulstrode were in the fruit fields of Kent. The Chaplain has changed a little since those days, when he was a University student, hasn't he?

By the way, talking of Kent, your mother is going down there for a few weeks soon. She is looking very well, but the change will do her a world of good.

I saw the Bible with the cedar-wood cover that you sent home from Malta. Mother always has it handy. Not that she is extremely over-religious, as you know, but it's a small comfort to her.

Your kit had just arrived—your hammock and bundles of clothes were waiting to be sorted out and washed ready for your return.

The garden looks fine; the turnips you put in have come through, and father's tomatoes are turning red. Here's a minor surprise for you—there have been additions to the family in the shape of ten hens. Next time you come home there will be so many eggs you'll be able to shampoo your hair with them. The rabbits are fine, and Timmy, the cat, apart from moulting, is just the same as ever.

The landlord and friends at the "Rose and Crown" send best regards, and hope to hear from you soon. Your mother sends all her love, and John says "Come home soon."

Guess there's little left for me to say now, so will wish you all the luck in the world, and look forward to meeting you when you get home.

RONALD RICHARDS.

## Beneath the Surface

with  
Al Male

"There can be no atheists in rubber rafts."

THOSE words were written by one of the companions of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, of the U.S. Army Air Corps, Transport Command, after they had endured twenty-one days in a tiny rubber raft in the South-West Pacific.

Their length of tenancy on the raft can no doubt be beaten by many shipwrecked mariners (some amazing feats of endurance have come to light), but the manner in which they had their prayers answered is almost unbelievable.

Even taking into consideration the possibility of slight mental derangement brought on by unnatural conditions, the fact remains that some prayers were answered under circumstances absolutely contrary to the type expected before prayers could be answered.

For example, after having prayed for food, one of the crew fired off an evening flare, hoping to attract attention from something or someone. What happened was that the flare's propulsion charge was faulty and the flaming ball fell among the rafts.

The exhausted airmen could see barracuda chasing a school of fish attracted by the glare. In their efforts to escape, two fair-sized fish leaped into the raft. Each of the crew had a small piece of fish for breakfast next morning.

On another occasion, after an appeal for rain, a cloud which had passed overhead returned . . . against the wind.

The writer says: "The wind did not change, but the receding curtain of rain began to come slowly towards us, AGAINST the wind, as though an omnipotent hand were guiding it."

And finally, when making for an island, the current was against the completely worn-out men . . . only Lieut. J. C. Whittaker was able to raise a semblance of effort. Whittaker says: "And then came a new

difficulty, a squall that almost blotted the island from sight. I cried, 'God, don't quit me now.' "He didn't. In the final burst to reach the reef I was bending those aluminium oars against the waves. It was not Jim Whittaker who was bending them. I didn't have the strength to bend a pin. I was not conscious of exerting any effort, it was as though the oars worked automatically and my hands were merely following their motion. There were other hands than mine on those oars. To-day, fully recovered, I would hesitate to tackle that stretch of water; yet, exhausted from three weeks of thirst, hunger and exposure, I accomplished a feat that would have tried a fit man."

Whittaker says that was how he "found his God," and that he will tell the story again and again, as long as he lives.

The truth is that our God is always there to be found . . . we seldom care to look for Him until faced with extremities which are beyond our control. Better late than never, without a doubt . . . and probably more convincing after rescue from distress.

The promise, "Lo, I am with you always," was not rashly made . . . it means ALWAYS . . . which also means EVERYWHERE.

I am not a film critic . . . that is the job of my colleague, Ronald Richards . . . but I would advise you chaps to see "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan.

Merely the story of an American family in war-time, but with such a difference. Nothing melodramatic or theatrical . . . simply the thoughts and ideals of a good-living family.

Saroyan, as many of you know, is a versatile writer . . . a sort of social reformer. His "Love, Here is My Hat," and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," are Poles apart in background, and brilliant.

A friend of mine who knew him well in Greenwich Village (colony of artists and writers, outside New York) tells me that he put two shows on Broadway, win, lose or draw, financially, so determined is he to get his ideas over to a public which he considers is starved of constructive shows.

You won't laugh at "The Human Comedy," but you'll certainly think.

Heard this one:—

Ike: "Where've you been?"

Mike: "In a 'phone-box talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the 'phone, so we had to get out."

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.

## WISDOM From the Past

And I oft have heard defamed—  
Little said is soonest mended.

George Wither  
(1588-1667).

Ne'er the rose without a thorn.

Robert Herrick  
(1591-1633).

I remember a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Izaak Walton  
(1593-1683).

There is no road or ready way to virtue.

Sir Thomas Browne  
(1605-1682).

"GOOD MORNING"  
is always pleased to  
get your home news  
and photographs



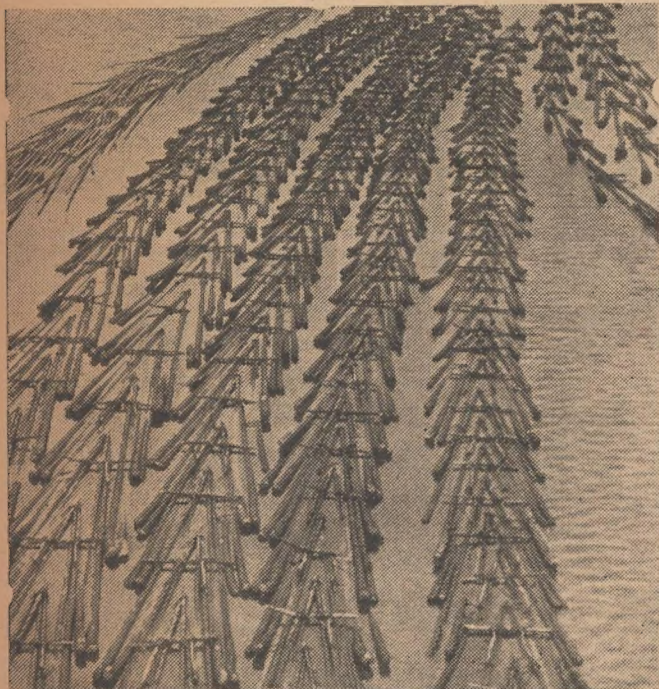
# SUNDAY FARE PUZZLE CORNER

C	L	N	M	U	A	W	D
P	I	Y	C	S	U	N	N
M	A	R	M	A	O	T	D
A	O	L	T	T	N	N	K
C	U	R	K	O	T	S	H
P	A	C	E	L	T	T	N
K	U	P	G	L	A	O	A

C	O	R	N	W	A	L	L
S	O	M	E	R	S	E	T
C	H	E	S	H	I	R	E
S	T	I	R	L	I	N	G
D	U	M	F	R	I	E	S
P	E	M	B	R	O	K	E
H	E	R	E	F	O	R	D
M	O	N	M	O	U	T	H

See if you can find these well-known ports. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines.

Answer to last week's problem of English and Scottish counties.



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was eleven pennies.

Tabloid Tale—By W. H. Millier

## THE YELLOW STREAK

GEORGE WHACKETT had teeth. In due course it led to all the attributes of a champion, bar one. He could not be depended upon to fight two good fights in succession. Against really stiff opposition he would fight like a world-beater, and in his very next contest, facing what should have been a much easier task, he would disappoint his supporters by losing in a manner which required quite a lot of explaining away.

It was all very perplexing, and even his closest friends hardly knew what to make of him. In such instances it is the usual thing for the wise-acs to say "He's yellow," and leave it at that.

If Whackett did have a yellow streak—and there was always a doubt about it—nobody could explain why it was that he could fight, seemingly, with the heart of a lion, just when most people had made up their minds that here was a fight in which he would be certain to lay down. He wasn't at all popular with the betting boys.

Yank Morgan, a husky American, who had fought some of the gamiest battles ever seen, was heard to remark after one of Whackett's knock-out defeats, "That yellow dog is a quitter."

Trust this information to be carried hot-foot to the other party. It was received with much wrath and gnashing of

teeth. In due course it led to a match between the pair, and all those in the know licked their lips in anticipation of a gory tussle. But no, thought the knowing ones; here's where Whackett lays down for a certainty. Plenty of nice, juicy bets to be struck on this fight. Yank is a certainty to fight so long as there's breath in his body.

On the night of the fight the betting boys tried hard to cover some Whackett money, but it wasn't forthcoming, except in trifling dribbles from a few mugs. They lengthened the odds to three to one on Morgan, and then a well-known figure, known as Alf Narrowguts, appeared among them, taking all the three-to-one on offer until there were no more offers.

At the start it looked as though Yank would soon have his rival on the floor, and the three-to-one on appeared to be a good investment. Strange, though, Whackett was fighting back solidly and was hitting with terrific power. Still, Yank had never been seen off his feet, on this side of the Atlantic, and he could take it.

It was anybody's fight up to the fifth round, and it had been a fight with a vengeance. Whackett had shown himself to be much speedier and had taken advantage of the other's whirlwind attacks by dodging the heavy swings and getting in stinging counters as Yank left himself

# WHO WERE YOU NAMED AFTER?

By  
J. M.  
Michaelson

## Fashions Change in Toms and Dicks and Harrys

WHOM were you named after? The chances are that it was after your father, for this is still a common way of choosing a Christian name for a baby boy.

But registrars tell me that modern fathers are not so often anxious to pass on their names as they were a generation ago. Probably the reason is because it leads to confusion.

In the U.S., where naming the eldest son after his father is almost the rule, the confusion is avoided by adding "II" or "Junior" after the name, and if the grandfather is still alive, it may be necessary to address the child as John Smith III!

After relatives, celebrities of the day are the most frequent inspiration of a father searching for a name for his new-born son. An investigation some time ago showed that Robert was the most popular boy's name with young parents. It was no coincidence that Robert Montgomery was then the most popular film star.

Thousands of British boys in the last thirty years have been christened George after their King.

In the case of babies born on such days as that of the Coronation, the King's Birthday, or the Jubilee, parents have felt it almost a duty to their sons to commemorate the fact in their name.

Incidentally, Christian names are one of the weapons being used by the peoples of occupied countries to defy the Nazis. Winston has suddenly become a very popular Christian name for Dutch babies, and not long after the birth of Princess Juliana's last girl, many Dutch mothers followed her example in choosing the name Margriet for their babies.

### What Nelson did

Famous generals and admirals have given their names to thousands of boys. Nelson, as a Christian name, dates from Trafalgar—the mothers called their girls born on this day Nell.

Many of the 23 and 24-year-old men of to-day owe their Christian name of Douglas to

the admiration of their parents for Sir Douglas Haig at the time of the christening.

Enquiry suggests that parents to-day, perhaps realising how fickle is fame, are not following the example of their fathers. Few boys in Britain are being named after the famous leaders of to-day.

In America, on the other hand, hundreds of boys are being given the full Christian and surnames of U.S. generals, and twenty years hence will have to read history to discover how they came to be named Dwight Eisenhower Brown or Douglas MacArthur Smith.

Using the surname of admired statesmen as Christian names for their boys was fairly common amongst Victorian fathers.

It is surprising how many men, now getting on in years, have the Christian name "Gladstone."

I know one whose parents blessed him with the "Grand Old Man's" full quota, so that he had to struggle through his school days under William Ewart Gladstone Smith—but it wasn't Smith.

John Bright and Richard Cobden were other statesmen whose Liberal admirers erected monuments to them at the christening font.

To-day parents are kinder, and if they cannot leave the choice of their names to their children, at least they do not mix them up with party politics!

In some countries, however, children do choose their own Christian names. They are given a "temporary" name, and later have a say in choosing a permanent one. This is the case in Jugo-Slavia, where the present King Peter, for instance, was originally called Stephen.

In former times the greatest importance was attached to the choice of name. The Greeks originated a custom of writing a different name on a number of tapers and choosing the one that burned the longest. This was not so much to give a touch of gambling to the christening party as to symbolise long life.

In former times orthodox Jews had several interesting ways of choosing names.

### Changed if ill

One was to pick a name whose first and last letters corresponded with the first and last letters of an appropriate verse of the Psalms. Another piece of symbolism was to change the name of a child if he became critically ill.

We do not to-day worry about what a man is called as about what he does, and I do not suppose the oddest name has ever alone lost a man a job or a friendship. But modern parents are cautious, and the tendency is still to choose good, solid, "old-fashioned" names like John, William, Jack and George.

Most people do not even trouble to find out the meaning of their own Christian names, but years ago names were considered of immense importance. A noble, given the Christian name "Guy" (meaning a standard-bearer) by the Pope in return for his services, left in his will a condition that no one should ever succeed to the estate unless he was called Guy, and that a daughter must marry a man named Guy.

The tendency to-day, too, is for Royal children to have fewer and simpler names. Formerly, a Royal christening called for extreme diplomacy and tact if no one was to be offended. Queen Victoria insisted on all her grandchildren being called Albert—the late Duke of Kent was the only exception.

The limit in compromise seems to have been reached by a Portuguese princess of the last century, who was given twenty different Christian names in five different languages. Fortunately, she did not have to fill in one of those now so common forms demanding "names in full."

We can say nothing but what has been said. Our poets steal from Homer.  
Robert Burton,  
(1576-1640).

It is always good when a man has two irons in the fire.

Francis Beaumont  
(1586-1616).



"Miss Phoebe, how CAN he bring you a seal-skin from the Mediterranean?"

wide open. As a result both Yank's eyes had swollen terribly and he looked badly knocked about, although he was still as strong as a horse.

In the sixth round, with the referee unsighted, Whackett landed a horribly low punch. It was a palpable foul, but the referee hadn't seen it, and Yank wasn't the one to appeal. All the same, he was doubled up with pain, and as he was momentarily helpless Whackett jumped in with a right to the jaw that would have finished any ordinary fighter.

It acted the other way with Yank. Straightening himself, he shot over a terrific right swing which landed on the side of Whackett's head, and he went down in his own corner as if he had been shot. "That's the finish," was the comment of the betting boys.

Mr. Alf Narrowguts was one of those curious coves that always pop up in unexpected

places. He was now in Whackett's corner, and just as the referee was beating off the seconds and had reached eight, Mr. Narrowguts appeared to bang the floor of the ring, which is the not unusual procedure when a second wants to signal his man to rise.

To the surprise of nearly everyone present, and to the consternation of the betting boys, Whackett shot to his feet as if propelled by some unseen force. He had beaten the count.

Yank, old campaigner though he was, appeared to be stupefied by such an unexpected happening, and failed lamentably to follow up his advantage, thus leaving himself open to a heavy two-handed attack. He was badly battered when he went to his corner and could scarcely see out of his rapidly closing eyes.

It was evident that he couldn't see at all in the next round,

and the referee had to stop the fight in Whackett's favour.

After the fight, a few of the old hands were discussing the unwonted gameness of Whackett in beating the count as he did. "Never seen him get up like that before," said one. "Nor I," put in another.

"Perhaps you won't see it again in a hurry," said a fresh arrival, who was none other than Mr. Narrowguts, in a good mood after counting his winnings and finding all present and correct.

Feeling some explanation to be necessary, Mr. Narrowguts volunteered the information thus: "I had put a little bit on him and I wasn't seeing my money go west if I could help it. When I saw he wasn't going to get up I did a bit of quick thinking. Thought I'd try an experiment. I made out I was banging the floor, and I stuck a long pin in his rear, and you saw the result."

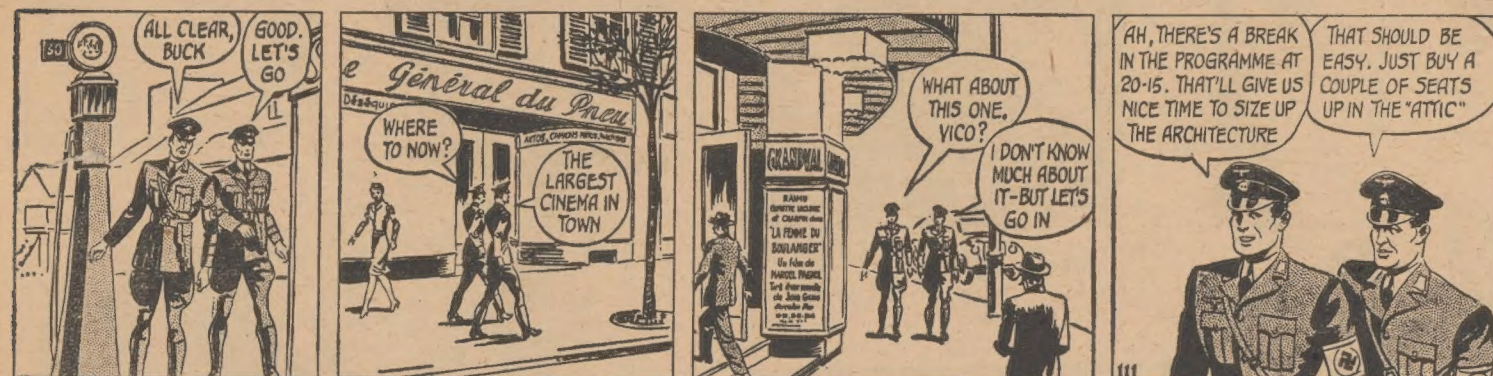
## POTTY?



Maybe. But to those who are always "dying for a cup of tea" this shop sign at Mobberley, Cheshire, is a welcome sight.



# BUCK RYAN



## THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

**HAG-RIDDEN.**  
SCIENCE is not vision; it is measurement. Is not our consciousness to-day increasingly hag-ridden by the measuring outlook of science? To rescue us from this deadly condition we need the counterbalancing sensibility of the poet and artist who is concerned, not with measurements, but with values.

Rolf Gardiner (Fontmell Magna, Dorset).

**POWER OF THE LIE.**  
GERMANY is dynamite under the vaults of European civilisation simply and solely because among Germans the power of the lie is great. Anyone who met a typical sample of German patriotic youth in the decade before the war knew then that this typical national failing had been so exploited that the power to recognise the very existence of truth had already been completely lost.

George Richards (Poole).

**THE UNIVERSITIES.**  
PROFESSOR GALBRAITH speaks of "Intelligent thought about vital things," as the tradition of the universities. Nobody who observed the type of newspaper most widely read, who listened to the conversation in hall, who saw the length of cinema queues, could prevent himself from wondering if this tradition was not in danger of being broken.

George Owen (Perth).

**HITLER'S SOLE USE.**  
If history records Hitler as having been of any use whatever to the world, it will be because he destroyed the distrust which formerly existed between Soviet Russia and the rest of the civilised world, and so opened the way to a new and more hopeful organisation of international security.

Sir Stafford Cripps.

**WE ARE MOST PROUD OF—**  
WHAT are we most proud of in our history? That we were the first to discard the feudal system in favour of modern Parliamentary government; that we were the first to transform the divine right of kings into constitutional monarchy; that we were the first nation in the world to admit to equal status of our own will the Dominions overseas.

Anthony Eden, M.P.

## THE GREATEST BATSMAN

By The Old Tough

PERHAPS it is because I am older somewhat that many younger people ask me whom I considered the greatest batsman, W. G. Grace or Hobbs, Hammond or Bradman, Woolley or Ranji.

I often reply by asking them to compare Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Wordsworth.

When they demur at this, I point out that both sets of people were masters of poetry, for while Bill Shakespeare and his gang were masters of the poetry of thought and words, W. G. and his crew were masters of the poetry of movement and actions.

Personally, I do not think you can compare those great batsmen or say that one was "head and shoulders" above the other. They were just master batsmen, and each in his own style was the perfect craftsman.

At one time, in happier days, we used often to amuse ourselves by selecting a team to represent the World against Mars. It was surprising how keen the discussions were and how difficult it was to arrive at unanimity.

For instance, those six names I have given above look certainties as they stand there, but what about Stanley Jackson, Sutcliffe, Macartney (Australia), Faulkner (S. Africa), Victor Trumper, J. T. Tyldesley, Jessop, just to mention a few names at random?

You can't just play eleven great batsmen—you must have some first-class bowlers and a super wicket-keeper in your eleven. In your dull moments, you cricket lovers, just sit down and try to work out the world's most powerful cricket team, and you'll be surprised how difficult it is. And, by the way, you can take any team game, soccer or rugby, and try to pick a world's team, and you'll have some rare old rows in mess.

Still, there is one thing I will say; whenever we "old uns" mention the word "cricket," there flashes across our minds a bulky figure of a man with big black beard, walking down the steps of Lord's pavilion, swinging what appears to be a toy cricket bat in his hand, and crowned, as to his massive head, with a little yellow and gold ringed cap!

The Old Man himself—cricket personified! W. G. Grace!



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# OUR CRAZY FARM

**FARMER** Cumberbeet certainly has got one or two queer-looking beasts on his farm. You never know what you may meet, crossing one of his fields. "Which is all to the good—it keeps trespassers off," says he. But most of them is ornery, well-bred critters that has a queer way of carrying on, at times.

A fellow came along one day and kept saying he came from "Good Morning." It didn't make sense, but I humoured him and showed him round the farm and he kept clicking his camera. Maybe he knew what he was at.



**2** "Neddy," our farm donkey, ain't such a donkey, neither. He reckons that when he's done a day's work he's due for a drink, and you got to watch out for your dinner pail. After a bottle or two he gets uppish and pretends he's a mule.



**3** Bess, the Alderney, is useful at the udder end, too. In a little time, the Missus hopes to train her so as she knits comforts for submariners with four feet and licks stamps with her tongue.



**5** The old hen got fed up with sitting on eggs that never seemed to do anything, so she offered to run a day-time nursery while the cat was on war work. I bet she finds it ticklish.



**4** Old Alf, our cow hand, says he was told, as a boy, that it was bad manners to scratch your head. So he got in the habit of rubbing it with his foot. He's got so clever at it that he can swat a mosquito on his bald patch with one swipe of his foot.



**7** We called our farm goat "Nearly," because he was all but. Trouble is he eats his way through the hedges into the fields where they are weeding the crops. And more than one of the farm men have gone home to their wives in tears.



**8** We breed rabbits in a big way, on Farmer Cumberbeet's Farm. It's hilly, round about, and they tend to grow long in the hind legs. This rabbit has a long tale to tell, too.



**I** Farmer Cumberbeet was told that two girls could easy do the work of one man. So he reckoned they could wear one suit, as well. But it comes a bit hard when they get to hay-making.



**6** "Dandelion" was what we christened her, because she grew all over the place. Maybe she ain't stopped growing, yet. She's awkward to handle. You've got to take a ladder to milk her and she eats about a ton of hay at a sitting. All the other cows will hope she's a bull.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Milk's gone up again."

